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REXVILLE, OXFORD.

Published by Hickman & Stapledon, Beale's 1871.



# HENLEY.

A Poem.

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*HENLEY-ON-THAMES :*

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1827.



## P R E F A C E.



ALTHOUGH prefaces, like many other good old customs, are nearly now exploded, some prefatory observations to the following production, which is dignified with the title of a Poem, but to which that of a simple sketch might be far more appropriately applied, are absolutely indispensable.

I am sufficiently aware that this fruit of retirement, hastily thrown together, and with a view to immediate publication, can possess but few claims to public attention, but, in a work abounding in localities, and containing matter interesting only to those who are familiar with the scenes described, what excellence can be

expected? The simplicity of our earlier pastoral writers many may attempt, but few can properly attain; and in a production of this description, the utmost caution is necessary to prevent simplicity degenerating into vulgarity.

We all know that to constitute a poem, plot, imagery, general interest, and dignity, and energy of style must contribute their several properties. In this it would puzzle the most discerning to discover any of these essential qualifications. Why then, it will be inquired, have you published?—I can only shrug my shoulders and reply with true Gallic sang froid, “*Ma foi, je ne sais guère pourquoi moi-même.*”

How shall I disarm the critic? If I submit that no one can possibly have a more humble opinion of the production than myself shall I be believed? If I urge that it was proposed to me to compose the poem, and that the first half I

*felt*, the latter I merely *wrote*, will any leniency be extended? Surely however some credit will be given me for sincerity, and humility, and modesty, and all those very amiable attributes which are required in a young Poet, when it is perceived that I shelter myself beneath the wing of Anonymy; and that I do not throw down that gauntlet of defiance a *name*, as though I should say, “Here I stand like a rock of adamant intrenched in my own vast merit, and impervious to all the attacks of the Critic tribe, who would seek in vain to sting,—or to annihilate my fame.”

And yet, good Reader, my name if revealed would excite a certain degree of curiosity, if not of interest—not, be it understood, with any reference to the work here submitted, but from the singular circumstance of my being the third Author of the same name now before the Public, and,—what renders the coincidence yet more striking,—we are all, if I mistake not, of the

same profession. Here then is a sort of enigma for your solution—Divine it if you can, but pray respect my secret.

It will be perceived that in the episodical story introduced of Miss Blandy, I have adhered almost literally to the facts detailed in the account given of that unhappy victim of villainy and avarice. In short, I have only deviated from the original, inasmuch as I have attributed her crime to the influence of insanity.—In this I have not merely availed myself of the licence of the Poet, but have founded the assumption on many circumstances of conduct during the period of her confinement at Oxford, subsequently to her condemnation, and up to the very moment of execution.

I am prepared to hear that my description of the town is lame and tame to a degree, but alas! a votary of Bacchus might as well expect

to extract wine from a public fountain, as a votary of Apollo to catch one spark of inspiration from noisy markets, which would confound the builders of Babel, did they exist in these “degenerate days;” and gloomy streets whence Melancholy herself would wing her flight in despair. I will honestly confess that my poor Muse toiled long and painfully before she could struggle through them; and more than once, shrunk in utter dismay from the vegetable hosts she was called on to marshal, strongly intimating by her repugnance, that it was exceedingly bad taste on my part to devote her to so menial an office; and I have no doubt that my Readers will say the same.

Yet, again I repeat—and for the credit of my own taste and judgment I seek to convey the impression—that no one can possibly entertain a more humble opinion of this production than myself, for, teeming with localities as it does,

I am fully aware that it can only interest those to whom these scenes are familiar, and that, principally because, however rough in its colorings, the picture will not be found deficient in fidelity of description. And with this candid exposition of my own sentiments on the subject, I take my leave.

## THE AUTHOR.

*Henley, October 1st, 1827.*



# H E N L E Y.

## A Poem.

---

I SING of Nature—ye harmonious nine  
To aid my pleasing task your strength combine :  
Lend graceful boldness to my willing Muse,  
And bid it what reject, and what refuse.  
Not Byron's vig'rous nerve my strain requires,  
But Goldsmith's gentler and more simple fires :—  
Thrice favor'd Bard—sweet painter of those scenes  
Where rural calm to rural beauty leans,  
Thine art descriptive to my numbers lend,  
And let thy Spirit on my muse descend.

Low in a vale, by wood crown'd heights o'erhung,  
Where fir, and larch, and beech are careless' flung,  
With silver Thames slow rolling at her feet;  
Lies Henley—Contemplation's calm retreat.

In years the first of all her native shire,  
 This ancient town to notice may aspire ;  
 For, though all spotless now the silver stream,  
 And smooth the fields which with rich harvests teem,  
 When Revolution erst her wings unfurl'd,  
 And from his thorny throne the Stuart hurl'd,  
 The crystal surface of that rolling flood  
 Rejected streams pollute with human blood ;  
 And still, imbedded in those fields, remain—  
 The rotted bones of many a warrior slain.  
 But not to deeds of blood, for idle fame,  
 Does Henley urge the sad historic claim.  
 Fain would she wipe from off her simple page  
 The fearful record of destructive rage,  
 And o'er that fatal epoch draw a veil  
 When Faction triumph'd, and Revenge grew pale.

Let the fierce Swiss, with generous ardor fill'd,  
 Boast the pure streams his Fathers erst distilled ;  
 Or, in the gloomy regions of the north,  
 Let Scots proclaim the deeds of Wallace forth,  
 The hardy mountaineer can breathe no rest—  
 The fiercest passions animate his breast,

And, fed by very barrenness of soil,  
 Inflame his soul, and fit him for the broil.  
 But they who till the vallies most incline  
 In peaceful arts and industry to shine,  
 No glory, Henley, canst thou e'er derive,  
 From wars which in thy spotted page survive :  
 Content, and Peace, to Plenty near allied,  
 These form thy boast—these are thy simple pride.

Yet art thou not without thy claim to those  
 Who, in that era, to distinction rose ;  
 And, heeding Mercy 'mid the fierce turmoil,  
 Ennobled talent and their native soil.  
 Such Bulstrode was, and Lenthal yet more great ;—2  
 Both rais'd to highest offices of State :  
 Their acts of mercy let the shades attest  
 Of Strafford—Goring—long consign'd to rest.  
 The former fell, for Whitelock could not save,  
 But Lenthal turn'd the latter from his grave :  
 Their natures gentle, generous, and bland,  
 Each bore the impress of his native land,

Far happier and more tranquil days are thine,  
 Thou favor'd haunt of Solitude divine ;  
 No horn to horse resounds along thy ways,  
 Except what coach guards bellow for relays :  
 No blood offends the sight, or dripping gore,  
 Save that of victims at some butcher's door :  
 Nor cry for quarter ever shrieks its din  
 Save at the Lion, or Commercial Inn.

Yet not thy streets, where dulness holds her reign,  
 But woodland landscapes claim my op'ning strain :  
 These, in rich fulness, meet the roving sight,  
 And yield, to Nature's votary, delight :  
 Where is the man, who, seated 'neath some yew,  
 Can mark unmov'd the panoramic view—  
 Embrace the scene with half averted eye;  
 Nor feel the tide of life flow calmer by?

Fair is the prospect which these heights command  
 Where now the willing pen obeys my hand ;—  
 Luxuriant fields, with hedges interspers'd,  
 And shadowing trees along the foreground burst,

While, on the margin of the flowing tide,  
 The poplar rears its head in graceful pride ;  
 The town next rises in more dusky hue,  
 And swells in sloping fulness on the view :  
 The Gothic church, least sombre of the whole,  
 At once its pride, its beauty, and its soul.  
 Beyond the town the distant uplands wear  
 The same rich proofs of Nature's fostering care :  
 Here fields and woods above each other rise  
 In fast succession 'till they reach the skies.

Far on the right the same rich views extend ;  
 Nor less kind Nature does the left befriend :  
 On either hand the fairest sites appear  
 Crown'd with the produce of the fruitful year.  
 Dense woods, at gentle distances dispos'd,  
 Relieve the sameness of the lands inclos'd,  
 And, with the undulating landscape, tend  
 The sweet effects of light and shade to blend.  
 Low at the base of each inclining plain  
 The eye looks not for limpid waves in vain ;  
 Fair Thames, that winds with gentle sweep around,  
 Through various vistas of the scene is found ;

And, like rich gems which sparkle most at night,  
Appears like crystal in the sombre light.

In short, which ever way the eye may bend,  
Where'er the glance inquiring may descend,  
Some pleasing prospect bounds the raptur'd gaze,  
And leads the soul through fancy's flowery maze :  
Seats, pastures, flocks, and woods bedeck the plain,  
While numerous islets break the river's chain,  
And every view at every hour, conveys  
Fresh food for wonder, and fresh food for praise.

Ye crowds who, sick with London dust, prepare  
To take your usual dose of country air,  
And, with the close of Pasta's thrilling strain,  
Deem all things dead 'till spring return again,  
When Almacks and the opera shall claim  
The joint support of gentle and of dame,  
Bid your postillions roll the whirling wheel  
Where Oxford, Bucks, and Berks their bounds reveal—  
For there lies Henley—if the heart be right—  
Its loveliness will yield unmix'd delight.

At morn, at noon, and at the evening hour  
 Calm Nature here asserts exclusive power ;  
 Her garb the same, and differing but in hue  
 As clouds obscure or sun beams gild the view.  
 Behold, at early dawn, the dappled sky  
 All gray with mists which wanton careless by,  
 Ere chilly dews, sad offspring of dull night,  
 By gladdening rays are chas'd and put to flight :  
 View the dark outline of the slumbering scene  
 Which rises with unform'd and loveless mien,  
 Then mark the mighty orb whose golden flood  
 Of bursting glory flashes through each wood,  
 And, shedding light and lustre o'er the vale,  
 Lends warmth and softness to the morning gale :  
 Pourtrays each feature of the torpid whole,  
 And to the lifeless mass restores its soul !  
 See then, like things regenerate and new,  
 The flocks and herds shake off the dripping dew :  
 The drowsy birds their heavy wings display,  
 And chaunt their carols to the god of day,  
 While fields and woods, begemm'd with silver tears,  
 Smile welcome to the Light of countless spheres ;—

View this, ye crowds, on Henley's sweet domain,  
Then say if Nature in the heart may reign!

Wouldst thou, at noon, the pleasing prospect hail,  
When genial sun beams fructify the dale?  
But place thee on some wooded height where shade  
From clustering beech and chestnut is convey'd;  
Then, soft reclining at thy length, behold  
The varied map fair Nature doth unfold.  
Here the rough ploughman guides his fatted yoke;  
There falls the corn beneath the reaper's stroke;  
In fields of green the fleecy stragglers browse,  
And crop the tender grass or fragrant boughs;  
While herds of kine, at every point, disclose  
The teeming udder whence abundance flows:  
On every hand—above—below—behind—  
A picture fair of plenty thou may'st find;  
Nor, though green fields and harvests most prevail,  
Does less the eye those frequent beauties hail.  
The yellow is in various tints display'd,  
The green in rich variety of shade.



If, like too luscious feasts, this banquet cloy,  
 Let other views thy roving thought employ ;  
 Down turn thine eye upon the limpid wave,  
 Where old Thamesis loves his limbs to lave :  
 There see the Angler in his tottering boat  
 In anxious silence o'er the surface float ;  
 His soul, his sense, his every thought engag'd  
 In cunning war with puny fishes wag'd.  
 Mark with what care he throws the quivering line ;  
 How well his judgment and his skill combine :  
 Alas ! that skill or judgment such as these  
 A perch or pike should vanquish as they please !  
 But now, while full meridian sun beams throw  
 Too great a lustre on the depths below,  
 He steers the pliant skiff where friendly aid  
 Is borrow'd from the willow's spreading shade ;  
 Here, oft disturb'd by some unwieldy team,  
 Which urge the pond'rous barge against the stream,  
 Cleaving with heavy prow the tranquil tide  
 'Till the scar'd waters flee to either side ;  
 He curses Fate and pilot in dismay  
 Who thus conspire to rob him of his prey :

And when some wild malicious boy affrights  
 With whizzing stone the fish that final' bites,  
 The hapless Angler, furious in his wrath,  
 Would fain pursue the urchin thro' his path :  
 But this the intervening tide prevents—  
 The culprit knows it—nor one whit relents—  
 And thus, from early morn to sober eve,  
 Does he alternate fret, and hope, and grieve,  
 Too happy if one captive pike proclaim  
 His high pretensions to a Sportsman's fame !

Heaves thy full heart with slow consuming pain,  
 Or dost thou joyless drag existence' chain ?  
 Go, view the prospect at the twilight hour,  
 And try the aid of Meditation's power :  
 Then wilt thou see the woods their crests unfold  
 Along a spacious tract of burnish'd gold,  
 Which, growing paler as the eye ascends,  
 Its milder hues with richest purple blends :  
 Then o'er the scene is thrown that sweet repose  
 Which lulls to softness and subdues our woes :  
 The herds, recumbent, press the velvet plain,  
 And birds half warble forth their dying strain ;

The skiff light dances on the mirror tide  
 O'er which fair Henley's daughters joyous glide,  
 While but the rower's slow and measur'd sound  
 Breaks on the soothing calm which reigns around :  
 The swans, disporting on the fresh'ning wave,  
 Their circling crests and opening pinions lave ;  
 Or, bending graceful, catch the passing weed  
 Which yields them nurture with its moisten'd seed.  
 Then, as in mockery of angling sport,  
 The bounding fishes to the banks resort ;  
 Their golden sides, and silver fins upturn,  
 And dive below, or light the surface spurn.

Thus then at morn, at noon, and evening gray  
 A varied picture do these vales display ;  
 But most the mind contemplative will dwell,  
 When midnight shadows mantle o'er each dell.  
 How oft have I, while Henley's sons have press'd  
 The couch of slumber in incipient rest,  
 Their senses wandering in delusion frail,  
 Mid scenes less beauteous than their native vale ;  
 How oft have I, with rapturous feeling, stood  
 And all the features of the outline view'd !

Oh ! what more lovely than to mark the rise  
 Of the pale moon, at full, along the skies  
 When slow emerging, like a crystal shield,  
 Above the distant heights she stands reveal'd ;  
 How sweet to see her soften'd rays illume  
 The broad expanse late wrapt in deepest gloom,  
 And throw o'er hill, and rivulet, and glade,  
 A flood of silver, with a softer shade !  
 How oft have I, on many a night serene,  
 Enjoy'd and linger'd o'er the beauteous scene,  
 'Till my full soul has swell'd with holy awe  
 To God, the Source of Nature's form and law !

Oft, mid the deathlike calm which dwells around,  
 The rat amphibious on the wave is found :  
 Its course so light, as slow it skims the tide,  
 The eye must follow ere the ear decide.  
 But when the yielding rushes bend the head  
 To hide the midnight prowler in their bed,  
 The air is hush'd, and o'er the night again  
 Sad Silence holds her melancholy reign :  
 Then, while all Nature slumbers in repose,  
 And the full orb a paler lustre throws,

Other, and more intrusive sounds invade  
 The soothing stillness of the spangled glade ;  
 These, swelling high, the rippling noise convey  
 Of some swift vessel dashing 'mid the spray,  
 And as the eye, inquiring, turns its glance  
 Where now the still increasing sounds advance,  
 The glassy bosom of the troubled tide  
 Is seen in foaming furrows to divide,  
 And roving swans, by guardian swans pursu'd,  
 Urge their swift course along the parting flood :  
 The sheets of liquid light in part conceal  
 The milk white beauties which the shades reveal,  
 So that the curl, and hissing sound extreme  
 Alone direct the eye along the stream ;  
 But when the flying birds the bridge regain  
 Which forms the barrier 'twixt each rival train,  
 They proudly turn, and in the deepen'd shade,  
 Leave all their whiteness and their grace display'd :  
 The haughty male with crest and wing upmov'd—  
 E'en such the bird the amorous Leda lov'd—  
 Then peace and silence once again prevail,  
 And not a murmur whispers o'er the vale :—

Thus have I frequent pass'd the waning night,  
The lonely witness of my calm delight !

Amid these scenes, where Beauty holds her reign,  
Look we for human loveliness in vain ?  
Had Nature, in some wanton freak, design'd  
To be to Henley's fair alone unkind,  
The body then had languish'd for a soul :—  
But now perfection crowns the charming whole.  
Her blood is pure and lovely as her air,  
Her sons are peaceful, and her daughters fair :  
The latter firm in virtue's stubborn hold  
As the ice-belts which Jura's waist enfold !  
At eve, when summer suns obliquely speed  
Their genial rays along the smiling mead,  
And sweet voluptuousness of languor throws  
O'er the rich map the mantle of repose,  
Then may the eye discern a beauteous train  
Whose light and bounding footsteps press the plain,  
As by the river's brink, they careless move  
To some fond spot the scene of early love ;  
While joyous sports, and laughter gay declare  
The heart at peace—the bosom without care.

Some, to the right, the sloping height ascend,  
 Or trace the paths which near the stream extend ;  
 View the sweet prospect which Park Place unveils,  
 And bound their ramble by the Wargrave vales.  
 The eye next rests upon a joyous crew  
 Who, on the left their favorite path pursue,  
 And, passing Fawley's fair and ancient halls,  
 Reach Medmenham's old and once monastic walls.—3  
 Some too, in skiffs, the tranquil scene survey,  
 And grasp the oar, or with the waters play.  
 These, as they glide through foaming locks, appear  
 Like fairy nymphs enchanted by some seer :  
 The bubbling lock—the cauldron which he fills  
 With various herbs his magic art distils :  
 They, in the words o'er Dante's Hell, inclin'd  
 To say “ who enters here leaves hope behind”—

Those with light step, and sportive as the fawn,  
 Scarce curl the surface of the silken lawn :  
 These seek the covert of the friendly shade,  
 And read the sorrows of some love-sick maid :  
 Some with the ready pencil gay design  
 The charming outline of the scene divine ;

While others loiter on the river's brink,  
 And watch the pebbles as they slowly sink :  
 These with white hands the swan's full beauties press,—  
 The swan proud swelling 'neath the soft caress :  
 While those, more youthful of the group, extend  
 The hoarded biscuit to secure a friend ;  
 Thus, in light-disport, glide the happy hours,  
 Till night's deep gloom along the valley lours ;  
 Then, while kind zephyrs beauteous forms reveal,  
 Which floating garments would in vain conceal,  
 The Naiad bands, inclin'd no more to roam,  
 Seek the lov'd shelter of each peaceful home.

Thus in this Paradise of peace and love,  
 Does many an Eve in blooming freshness move ;  
 Since not for beauty look we here in vain,  
 But marvel rather that so few are plain.

Flow'd the young blood, in Henley's olden time,  
 With that chaste warmth which shrinketh now from  
 crime ?

Did passion never, like hot lava reign,  
 And glow tumultuous through each swelling vein ?



Did never sense, with vig'rous impulse, move  
 To acts which Heaven and which man reprove ?  
 Alas ! the record of her page will tell  
 That one thus madden'd, lov'd, and guilty fell.  
 Who hath not heard of Blandy's fatal fame ;—4  
 Deplor'd her fate, and sorrow'd o'er her shame !

Within these ancient walls, in peaceful pride,  
 An aged pair beheld their winters glide :  
 One only child they had, and passing fair—  
 At once their hope, their solace, and their care.  
 Their doting love the parents well convey'd ;  
 Their daughter's graces all their care repaid :  
 Her heart seem'd virtuous and her feelings mild,  
 For love insidious had not yet beguil'd :  
 Her parents' joy—the theme of every tongue—  
 The maiden's praise by every voice was sung,  
 While loud report, which gathers as it warms,  
 Proclaim'd her fortune equal to her charms.  
 The old man heard—nor, hearing, once denied  
 The specious falsehood, flattering to his pride,  
 But weakly lent the sanction of his name  
 To stamp as truth what owed its birth to fame.

Accursed wealth ! what evils dost thou bring !  
 What crimes from thy possession frequent spring ?  
 Alas ! how little did this wretched man  
 Foresee the horrors he himself began :  
 Had virtuous truth his aged bosom fir'd  
 A Father, by a daughter's hand, had not expir'd :  
 But Heaven oft, with retributive care,  
 Makes man the agent of his own despair !

Decreed by Fate, a wily stranger came—  
 And saw the maid, and bold confess'd his flame :  
 His birth was noble, graceful too his mien ;  
 His manners specious, and his speech serene ;  
 The brilliant costume of the camp he wore,  
 And all bore impress of the Scottish shore.

The good old man the welcome greeting gave,  
 Nor once suspected whom all fancied brave :  
 He saw his child, his only child, ador'd—  
 And straight received the stranger at his board :  
 With glowing heart, and by his smiles deceiv'd,  
 The maid, confiding, all his vows believ'd ;

As now, within the mansion of her Sire,  
 She heard her Lover loud proclaim his fire.  
 His fire ! say does the tiger love the hind ?  
 Are wolves and lambkins in one fold combin'd ?  
 Loves the foul serpent, which, with magic gaze,  
 Lures the lost warbler to its deadly maze ?  
 The tiger, wolf, and serpent thirst for blood—  
 Man thirsts for wealth—nor knows a greater good ;—  
 These quaff the crimson tide to feed their own ;  
 Man slays for wealth to sate his lusts alone.

No siege, disast'rous, Virtue here sustains,  
 For passion liv'd not in the monster's veins ;  
 His mind was vicious, but his heart was cold :  
 He lov'd not woman, for his god was gold :  
 The person charm'd him not—the hand alone  
 Could yield the wealth he fain would call his own.

One serious barrier to his suit remain'd,  
 Which much the maiden and her parents pain'd ;  
 Upon his natal soil, a wife betray'd,  
 Mourn'd the sad havoc which his wiles had made :

Who loves but gold, no moral tie can bind—  
 A pretext e'er for crime will villains find :  
 The rite religious he now sought to prove  
 A mimic farce to veil illicit love :  
 And thus, to serve his views, her fame aspers'd  
 Who in her ties with him alone was curs'd.

What will the tender maiden not believe  
 When specious self-love labours to deceive?  
 Already now the wretched Blandy bore  
 The seeds of passion in her bosom's core ;  
 She lov'd the man—nay pitied too his fate—  
 Condemn'd the object of their mutual hate :  
 And deem'd that arts delusive she had tried  
 To fill the station of her Cranston's bride.  
 Not less the Mother than her child he mov'd—  
 The former all a parent's fondness prov'd—  
 She saw the Stranger—sprung from noble line—  
 The outward polish with much wit combine,  
 And none she thought so fit to wed her child  
 As one of lineage high, and manners mild.

Not so the Sire—his weak but virtuous heart  
 From Honor's rugged line would ne'er depart.  
 The specious reasonings of the eager Scot  
 The old man heard—yet he received them not—  
 Should Justice sanction, and the laws decide  
 Such marriage null 'twixt Cranston and his bride :—  
 Then, though reluctant, would his voice approve—  
 'Till then, no pray'rs should his decision move :—  
 The anxious Soldier to the Courts appeal'd—  
 The Courts the justice of the contract seal'd ;  
 When turn'd the Father's care toward his child  
 Whom Love delusive had too well beguil'd,  
 And, from that hour, his upright fiat spurn'd  
 His guilty suit for whom his daughter burn'd.

Stung to the soul, the baffled Scot withdrew ;  
 Quick through his veins the boiling anger flew :  
 For hate now added its envenom'd goad,  
 And made forbearance seem a mountain load :  
 Well had he deem'd the golden prize his own,  
 But now each sanguine hope of wealth had flown :  
 Not this alone—his high ancestral pride  
 One, basely born, had ventur'd to deride ;

And pride, once wounded, seldom wrong forgives—  
 The lips may pardon—in the heart it lives !  
 Oppress'd with heavy sense of secret shame,  
 Yet dreading more the blasting breath of Fame,  
 The haughty lover sought his native clime—  
 To mourn his loss, and brood o'er deeds of crime.

How far'd the victim of his baneful art :—  
 When first she saw her lover's form depart,  
 With streaming tears and laboring sighs oppress'd,  
 She, frantic, tore her hair and beat her breast ;  
 But soon her grief another turn assum'd—  
 And, fed by thought, a fiercer flame allum'd—  
 With melancholy brow, and faded mien,  
 She oft would wander to the sylvan scene  
 Where first the sounds of love, from lips so dear,  
 In pleasing strangeness fell upon her ear ;  
 There would she linger in the evening while,  
 And dwell upon the sweet seducing smile  
 Which, like a subtle poison, softly stole  
 In treach'rous thrilling to her inmost soul :  
 Then, late returning to her joyless roof,  
 From her deploring parents keep aloof,

And, in the silence of her chamber, brood  
 O'er the deep suffering which she wildly woo'd.  
 Her aged Mother sought in vain to lure  
 Her hapless child from fancies so obscure :  
 That voice, which ne'er unheeded rose before,  
 The deep abstracted maiden heard no more ;  
 As, all immers'd in selfishness of woe,  
 She mark'd unmov'd her parent's warm tears flow :  
 A Mother's anguish must a Mother tell !—  
 Beneath this cruel stroke she slowly fell,  
 And soon, within the precincts of the grave,  
 She found that rest the wretched ever crave.

The Mother died—the fiend-like Cranston heard—  
 And straight each passion of his soul was stirr'd :  
 A hellish pleasure sparkled on his brow—  
 “ Oh wealth long coveted, I have thee now ! ”  
 He knew his empire o'er his victim's heart—  
 “ Nay, will she not from blood in horror start ?  
 “ Let but the action wear some weak disguise,  
 “ And, by the daughter's hand, the Father dies ! ”  
 He wrote. “ This powder hath a potent charm—  
 “ Thy Father's nature will it instant warm,

“ And so dispose him to our mutual bent,  
 “ The magic draught will but precede consent.”  
 The missive safe arriv’d—the maiden read—  
 A deeper gloom her aching brow o’erspread :—  
 Yet knew she not her Lover’s deadly aim,  
 But deem’d the powder what his words proclaim :  
 Yet Heaven, who guides our destinies through time,  
 Had given warning of incipient crime :  
 The spark of virtue still, though faintly, burn’d,  
 And thus to Cranston’s letter she return’d—  
 “ Last night, while toss’d upon my couch of pain,  
 “ A fearful vision fasten’d on my brain :—  
 “ Methought I saw my Sire, all bar’d his breast,  
 “ Plac’d on a rugged rock’s projecting crest :  
 “ Low at his feet a death black ocean lay,  
 “ And fiends flew howling ’mid the inky spray :  
 “ No human eye could penetrate the gloom  
 “ Which ran in wreathing curls throughout that tomb :  
 “ Sudden his brain grew dizzy with the sound  
 “ Of horrid laughter echoing wild around,  
 “ And, as by some infernal power impell’d,  
 “ He join’d his shrieks to those the monsters yell’d :



“ Then, as he bent him o’er the frightful brink,  
 “ Loud cried, ‘ Oh help me daughter, or I sink !’  
 “ I heard, and flew distracted to his aid,  
 “ But, ere my feeble strength was yet essay’d,  
 “ A black and hideous fiend, with wings of blood,  
 “ Close to my shrinking side, in vastness, stood :  
 “ With terror fill’d—each harrow’d sense abus’d—  
 “ My spell-bound hands their office now refus’d,  
 “ And then I saw, oh ! agony of woe—  
 “ My Father plunge within the gulph below !—  
 “ The laughter ceas’d, and on the silence rose  
 “ A parent’s curses and a parent’s throes :  
 “ While oft, at intervals, was heard the crash  
 “ Of bones dismember’d, and the final splash  
 “ Of the black wave, as the crush’d body fell  
 “ Into the bowels of this hissing hell !  
 “ And then again, another yell there burst  
 “ More wild and horrid even than the first,  
 “ While fiends, blaspheming, from their fetters broke,  
 “ And dragg’d me down—I shudder’d and awoke !”

Ill was the human devil’s ire suppress’d  
 As thus replying, he the maid address’d :—

- “ What mean these childish troublings of the brain ?  
 “ Whence spring these visions of unearthly pain ?  
 “ The poison which I sent—nay do not start !  
 “ Is sure, and reaches quickly to the heart.  
 “ We live to love, or languish in despair  
 “ As thou shalt coward shrink, or boldly dare.  
 “ He lives too long—his timely death alone  
 “ Can make thee, dearest Mary, all my own.  
 “ I would have spar’d thee consciousness of crime—  
 “ But this accursed dream—this waste of time—  
 “ Let passion arm thee with a Lover’s strength,  
 “ And Love shall riot in thy veins at length.  
 “ The powder best may mingle with his food—  
 “ No traces will be found—it spills no blood—  
 “ Be firm—dispatch—no danger can succeed—  
 “ Then let thy next be herald of the deed.”

She read—and cold, and motionless she stood  
 As some pale figure from the marble hew’d ;  
 While full, on vacancy, she calmly gaz’d  
 With the dull look of one whose eye is glaz’d.  
 Her naked arms lay clasp’d across her breast—  
 One hand the fatal billet firmly press’d,

While parting folds of her luxuriant hair  
 Made her full blue-vein'd temples seem more fair.  
 The dazzling smoothness of her lofty brow  
 One long, deep furrow intersected now,  
 While half, the fix'd, yet parted lips between,  
 Her teeth, transparent as the pearl, were seen.  
 No movement spoke of life, except the play  
 Convulsive round those pallid lips, and they  
 Were deep contracted, like the lips of one  
 Who shrinks in horror from some murder done.  
 A stranger, gazing on that form, had said  
 This woman breaths not—lives not—but is dead.

A while she stood the image of despair—  
 Transfix'd, immoveable, with maniac air,  
 And then, low rattling, from her inmost breast,  
 There burst a groan deep, long, yet half suppress'd.  
 Her eye, late lustreless, now wildly gleam'd  
 With a strange fire which naught of earth beseem'd ;  
 And her clench'd teeth were yet more firmly bound,  
 And her dishevell'd tresses swept the ground.

Another change—the hectic of her cheek had fled,  
 And death-like paleness o'er her brow was spread.

She sat—her head upon one arm reclin'd—  
 Such dazzling arm Appelles once design'd—  
 The other, at her side, suspended hung  
 O'er which her raven hair was loosely flung,  
 While, at her feet, the fatal billet lay,  
 The cause and witness of her deep dismay.  
 No sound betray'd emotion or despair,  
 But in the settled sternness of her air,  
 And in the muscles' scarce detected play,  
 These spoke beyond what simple sounds convey :—  
 Each glance of those black eyes, which calmly roll,  
 Proclaims some fearful purpose of the soul.

'Tis night—along the face of darkness gleam  
 The vivid meteors of the lightning's beam,  
 While peals of thunder, with terrific crash,  
 Fill up the pauses of each fearful flash :  
 The air is burning, as if fiendish sprites  
 Were sent to chain the winds with hellish rites,  
 And breathe their breath sulphureous, blasting, foul,  
 Through space unmeasur'd where they seem to howl.

Within a fetid chamber, wrapp'd in gloom,  
 Which scarce the glimmerings of a lamp illume,

An aged man, whose eye but dimly shines,  
 His burning brain, and tortur'd limbs reclines ;—  
 With pallid cheek, and o'er the couch of pain,  
 A female hangs with mien of one insane :  
 Her eyes upon the sufferer eager stare  
 With stupid phrenzy, and unhallowed glare :  
 Upon her marble brow a cold dew stands ;  
 Her laboring waist is loosen'd from its bands ;  
 And in her dress a wild disorder reigns,  
 Fruit of the tumult which devours her veins.

The dim and midnight lamp is waning fast,  
 Yet rages high without the thunder's blast ;  
 And oft, amid the rising whirlwind's moan,  
 Is heard from that sad couch the struggling groan ;  
 The dying sought the female's hand to clasp :—  
 The female shrunk convulsive from his grasp—  
 A cry of terror from the aged burst—  
 “ Oh ! God, my child is guilty—lost—accurs'd !  
 “ They warn'd me, Mary, that thou meanst my death ;  
 “ I thought it slander of some viper breath,  
 “ And deep rebuk'd th' officious friends who told  
 “ That lust, to avarice, my days had sold :—

“ My love for thee my reason had beguil’d ;—  
 “ Yet ah ! what Father could suspect his child ?  
 “ Fly, fly, lost girl, yet ere thou fleest, receive  
 “ The last sad pardon which thy Sire may give :  
 “ Come to this heart, entomb’d before its time,  
 “ And let one last embrace expunge thy crime.”

She mov’d not—spoke not—but a purple hue  
 Along her quivering lips a moment flew ;  
 And the large drops, which gather’d thicker now,  
 Fell fast and chilling from her icy brow :—  
 Long o’er the couch she bent—then slowly rais’d  
 One trembling hand to him on whom she gaz’d—  
 It fell upon his heart—the deadly chill  
 Proclaim’d that every suffering there was still—  
 She grasp’d his wither’d hand—the pulse had fled—  
 Her Sire—her poor—her murder’d Sire was dead.

And she was mad—mad even from that hour  
 When Hell’s dark Agent first confirm’d his power :  
 Can woman plunge her soul in deepest guilt,  
 Nor shrink from poison, nor the blood that’s spilt ?  
 Can she, unmov’d, behold the racking pains  
 Which throb convulsive in a parent’s veins ?

With tearless eye, and calm demeanour, view  
 The frequent changes of the sufferer's hue?  
 Can woman prove such fiend, yet man declare  
 Her raging madness springs not from despair?  
 Oh no! the heart of woman is the fount of Love;  
 And madness only to such crime can move.

The tempest louder swells—the thunders fall  
 In echoes which the bravest may appal;—  
 The scathing lightnings rend the oaks in twain,  
 And pour the torrents over hill and plain,—  
 The herds fly lowing, seiz'd with wild affright;  
 And, dismal' screams the heavy bird of night;  
 While man himself, 'arous'd from sleep profound,  
 In awe and dread beholds the scene around:  
 Amid the fury of the fearful war,  
 High on the gale, and reaching from afar,  
 A shriek loud bursts—so fiend-like, wild, and shrill,  
 It harrows up the soul—now all is still.

With hair wild streaming in the angry storm  
 A flying figure rears its phantom form:  
 One hand, with death-like grasp, a lamp contains;  
 The left a pallid brow in part sustains:

A loose black garment, by no zone confin'd,  
 Floats back in wanton folds upon the wind :  
 The naked feet with filth are cover'd o'er,  
 All gash'd with wounds whence drops the oozing  
     gore :

Along each faultless limb the rain descends,  
 And with the clotting blood disgusting blends :  
 The eye is full, and rolls with frantic glare,  
 The features, sternly fix'd, attest despair—  
 A warrior's image round the neck is tied,  
 And on the brow is written " Parricide."

Fast 'mid the gale, the flying phantom glides,  
 Now scours the vales, now climbs the mountain sides ;  
 But loud the voices of pursuers speed  
 Their notes of triumph over hill and mead :  
 The vivid flashes of the storm their guide,  
 In vain the maniac seeks her course to hide ;  
 The sounds of footsteps gain upon her ear,  
 And, e'en in madness, fill her soul with fear :  
 In vain she urges on her desperate course—  
 The swift pursuit acquires a greater force :  
 Upon the plain she sinks with fainting gasp—  
 And Justice holds her victim in her grasp :



Accus'd—condemn'd—dragg'd to the scaffold's side—  
 She tearless mounted—and unpitied died.

But turn us from this tale of crime and pain,  
 To themes more worthy of our simple strain.  
 Not guilt, but innocence, our Muse would sing—  
 Our Muse which seldom soars on tragic wing :  
 Let pictures foul—of poison, and of blood—  
 Give place to those of forest, vale, and flood,  
 While the rapt soul, in dwelling on the scene,  
 Forgets that here such guilt had ever been.  
 The various features of the sylvan glade,  
 Our song, unpractised, hath in chief pourtray'd :  
 The lofty wood which beauteous skies unfold ;  
 The fields deep clad in mingled green and gold ;  
 The spacious lawn which slopes its velvet side ;  
 The winding courses of the crystal tide ;  
 The skiff which spreads its wings upon the gale ;  
 The dappled herds that wander o'er the vale ;  
 The warbling inmates of the leafy grove ;  
 And woman—pledge of Nature's boundless love !—

Let now the ancient town our notice claim—5  
 The town too humble to aspire to fame.—  
 Where sweet simplicity of Nature reigns,  
 Simplicity of life its hold maintains,  
 Who dwell in cities can but feebly know  
 What unmix'd pleasures from retirement flow.  
 His life, whose course is one revolving round  
 Of care and folly, must with ills abound ;—  
 By trifles, more than serious suffering, cross'd,  
 In search of new pursuits his health is lost ;  
 Who seeking bliss, which, as he moves, retires,  
 Leaves peace behind, and all that peace inspires.  
 The crowded streets—the never ceasing din  
 Of bustling life allume the fire within ;—  
 A fever slow—and mining where it glows—  
 Nor suffer'd oft to slumber in repose :  
 Him life soon tires, for artificial ties  
 Reach not the heart, tho' specious the disguise ;  
 And, wanting Nature, he makes Vice supply  
 The superficial joys his cares deny.

How different he—who, far from cities bred,  
 To life's more boisterous scenes is wholly dead :

Him pleasure warms, but Virtue yet restrains  
 From such indulgence as her voice arraigns :  
 His wishes bounded—chasten'd his desires—  
 His bosom glows not with impetuous fires,  
 But pure affections, offspring not of art,  
 Their genial blessings to his soul impart :—  
 The ties of social life he strict fulfils—  
 No dark despairing once his feeling chills—  
 His mind is tranquil—tranquil too his rest—  
 For Care heaps not her mountains on his breast :—  
 No vast variety of interest rends  
 The pleasing intercourse of friends with friends :  
 Content with little—yet desiring more—  
 The fruits of industry increase his store ;  
 And thus from youth to age, down life's smooth tide,  
 His days in peace and virtue calmly glide :  
 His greatest bliss, the ignorance he bears  
 Of artificial life, and all its cares.

Since peace then shuns the crowded haunts of life,  
 To fix her sweet abode in rural life :  
 What calm must not those favor'd mortals hail  
 Whose days glide smoothly near this beauteous vale ;

If Nature, in her rougher aspect, bears  
 The soothing antidote to human cares,  
 What sweet contentment can she fail to yield  
 Where such a host of charms stands fair reveal'd?  
 Were Peace a stranger to this sweet domain,  
 Then Peace must man essay to find in vain :

Let now our Song a livelier strain pursue,  
 And hold each feature of the town to view.

Behold the stately bridge which rears its side  
 In gentle sloping o'er the limpid tide,  
 And, Berks connecting with her sister shires,  
 Forms the approach from London's glittering spires :  
 The Sculptor's art this fabric fair may boast,  
 And Damer's light and classic chisel most—  
 In graceful curve the arches low incline,  
 And kindred arches on the stream design :—  
 Beyond the bridge, and on the right is seen  
 The Lion noted for no Lion mien—  
 A pleasing structure rising on the strand,  
 From which the eye sweet prospects may command.

Close on the left, and grac'd with modest pride,  
 The Rector's dwelling hangs too o'er the tide :  
 Thus do we find, as appetite controls,  
 Purveyors both to bodies and to souls.  
 Still closer to the wave, and these between,  
 The humbler residence of " Page," is seen :  
 Not Windsor's " Page"—not spouse of the gay dame  
 Who cool'd, in Thames, the am'rous Falstaff's flame ;  
 But " Page" of Henley—Page, whose " Boats to Lett,"  
 Are, hourly, by requiring groups beset :  
 Men, barges, punts, and rods, and nets, and flies,  
 This sage promoter of our sports supplies.  
 In short, it would require a page to tell  
 What Page supplies, and yet supplieth well.

If angling—mania of this chilly soil—  
 Prove but thy pastime—not thy daily toil ;  
 If, most unlike some sportsman, thou dost deem  
 Twelve hours of silence dull upon the stream—  
 Nor choose, eternal', on the wave to stare,  
 As if thy every hope lay buried there :  
 If loth, in short, to cast thy line in vain  
 From morn 'till night 'mid heat, and wind, and rain :—

A certain wit will careful Page provide,  
 To be at once thy butt, buffoon, and guide.  
 Him wilt thou find facetious, dry, severe,  
 As gay, morose, or harsh thyself appear.  
 Few are more shrewd—few better can divine  
 Or when to be reserv'd—or when to shine.—  
 Art thou in orders—he, with voice demure,  
 Will rail at vice, and Satan's deadly lure :  
 Or, if from College, he will boldly swear  
 No men on earth with Students can compare.  
 If age and health thy rural pastimes crown,  
 He cries “ How wasted those young rakes from  
     Town : ”

If youth and spirit buoy thy soul with mirth,  
 He wonders what old folks can do on earth :  
 Art thou capricious?—bid him stem the wave—  
 No dog so soon the rushing tide will brave.  
 Would'st toss him in a blanket—break a bone ?  
 Do both—your gold will stay the rising groan :  
 No Courtier better understands his aim—  
 Offending no one, he makes all “ fair game ”—  
 For as few men a quainter jest can tell,  
 He deems, and justly, that thou'lt fee him well.

Who loveliest views would seek of Henley's vale,  
 Must, from the stately bridge, the prospect hail :  
 From this a splendid map the eye surveys,  
 Through which fair Thames her silver stream conveys ;  
 Then, bounded by an islet in the flood,  
 Rests on a temple belted deep with wood.

Here hourly move the idlers of the town—  
 The lounging stranger, and the loitering clown :  
 Here lolling grooms, and watermen intrude  
 Their awkward forms, which o'er the path protrude :  
 While boyish anglers, from the edge essay  
 The lengthen'd line, and hook the tender prey ;  
 Here oft, with limbs in graceless langour thrown,  
 Along the narrow parapet of stone,  
 Reclines some pond'rous mass of human clay,  
 Half bak'd, yet basking in meridian ray—  
 There quite regardless of the rolling deep,  
 He soon commits each heavy sense to sleep ;  
 As oft, and echoing to either shore,  
 His sun-burnt nose speeds forth its trumpet roar :  
 While, arm'd with shoes, eternal in their strength,  
 His sturdy legs are rudely thrust at length ;

A host of hob nails glittering in the light,  
Like diamonds sparkling on a gala night !

What son of Jehu, of the numerous train  
Who daily guide their steeds across this plain,  
Sully'ing with foul dust its bosom fair,  
While wheels and horns disturb the tranquil air—  
What son of Jehu, as he winds his way,  
O'er Henley's bridge—in noon-tide's scorching ray,  
E'er fails to mark a strange assorted crew  
Of lounging drones familiar to his view ?  
Drones, who in indolence, their hours consume,  
From morning's early dawn 'till midnight's gloom :  
Not more the steeples of his native town  
To his long practis'd eye, than these, are known—  
Not more the features of his favorite team,  
Than those he daily meets o'er Henley's stream :—

Pursuing straight our course, the church displays  
Its Gothic beauty to the Stranger's gaze,  
Who now, through Hart's least sombre street, is borne  
To where four lamps an ancient fount adorn ;  
A double structure, serving to convey  
Weak light at eve, and weaker drink by day :



Four arms, imposing, from its sides extend,  
 Whence ' London,' ' Oxford,' ' Reading,' ' Grays,'  
 depend :

For from this point these several roads diverge  
 O'er which the smoking steeds their hot course urge :  
 Thus may this pillar—as Caprice shall stamp—  
 Be term'd a sign, a fount, a cross, or lamp :—  
 From this, the centre of the town, the view  
 Embraces all the Stranger would pursue :  
 Who glancing lightly, and on either hand,  
 Four several streets extensive may command :  
 And these Duke, Hart, and Bell, and High compose  
 In chief the space which Henley's bounds enclose :  
 While New and Friday, parrallel with Hart,  
 Complete the picture in its every part.

Six days of labor do the Scriptures give  
 For man and beast to work that they may live :  
 The seventh—by Heaven hallowed, and blest—  
 Was set apart for holy rites and rest :  
 In Henley—oh ! how much with dulness curs'd—  
 We may addeem the law of God revers'd—  
 Six days in seven Silence leaves her cell,  
 In these deserted gloomy streets to dwell ;

And man confines him to his close abode  
 As if foul Plague or Murder stalk'd abroad,  
 Nor till the shades of evening deeper spread,  
 Know we if half the town be quick or dead :  
 Oh ! dulness most complete, how vast thy reign,  
 When pleasure even we derive from pain :  
 When e'en the tolling bells, which slow proclaim  
 The last sad rites the dead from living claim,  
 When sounds like these, with partial joy, we hail,  
 How must thou, dulness, o'er the scene prevail.

Not so the seventh—not so thy market day,  
 When town and country all their wealth display :  
 When sweating faces with importance team,  
 And voices rise from treble to a scream :  
 Say, who shall tell what tough-lung'd venders meet,  
 To sing their cries discordant down each street ;  
 For where the fountain pillar roots its base,  
 There is the centre of the market place :  
 Here, in confusion which no pen may tell,  
 Do screaming notes above each other swell ;  
 A louder key each striving to attain ;  
 And drown his neighbours in his shriller strain :

The lungs of Billingsgate howe'er prevail—  
 " Fresh fish from town" is shriek'd up for retail :  
 Fresh fish to which the " Henley Sauce," alone,  
 Can yield a sweetness that is not its own.  
 Fam'd Hickman's sauce, which long accounted prime,  
 It cost an Oxford Bard a week to rhyme.—  
 But if Confusion teems in every sound,  
 Not less Confusion marks the scene around :  
 A stall for fruit, here, hugs a stall for lace—  
 There stalls for eggs gay ribbon stalls embrace.—  
 While fingers, clammy with the juice of fruit,  
 Paw laces worthy of a wedding suit :  
 And, having left their impress, turn again  
 To roasting apples—hissing not in vain !

Beyond this spot—and close on either hand,  
 The vegetable army takes its stand :  
 Here bands of peas with kidney beans allied,  
 Draw up their strength in ranks confus'd and wide :  
 And these, supported by a female train,  
 Secure the pavement, and their hold maintain :  
 The din of this reserve itself a host,  
 To keep the most courageous from the post !

While these, like skirmishers, the path-ways close  
 And bar the entrance to pedestrian foes,  
 The wider streets the heavier lines blockade,  
 In formidable columns thick display'd :  
 Here turnips and potatoes spread their front,  
 As if to bear the threaten'd contest's brunt ;  
 While brocoli and cabbages more fair  
 Close on the phalanx, and bring up the rear :  
 The whole entrench'd in pond'rous baskets, stand  
 As firm and fearless as the Theban band :—  
 Their flanks protected by huge sacks of grain  
 Which form a rampart foot would storm in vain :  
 Yet when the active horse the onset sound,  
 When chariot wheels loud thunder o'er the ground,  
 Then do the prudent masses quick retire,  
 While the reserves discharge their running fire :  
 But when each troop with swift resistless force  
 Hath onward sped its unabated course,  
 The heavy columns close their ranks again,  
 And render each attempt at passage vain.—

Not these alone the public walks invade,  
 And claim the sacrifice of ease to trade :—

Lo, on the right, a host of glass and delf  
 Forsakes just once a week each dusty shelf,  
 And, spreading wide its faded tints to view,  
 Usurps what space was left us to pursue.  
 Oppos'd to these, in threat'ning mass display'd,  
 We see sharp sickles and huge scythes array'd :  
 Their points downturn'd, and like Damocles' sword,  
 Frowning destruction on the passing horde,  
 Not more appalling to the Roman band,  
 The scythe-bound chariots of Iceni's land—  
 When, first, her warlike queen, in arms, arose  
 To free her country, and confound her foes !  
 Thus, on whatever hand we chance to move,  
 A risk of wounding, or of wounds we prove—  
 Thrice lucky he, who guides his steps with care,  
 Nor pays for doctor's salves, nor broken ware.

But, if discourag'd by the hostile mien  
 Which here pervades each feature of the scene,  
 Turn thy slow footsteps in opposing line,  
 And mark what various evils there combine :  
 Here, flocks of sheep lie bleating in their pens—  
 And there in panniers languish geese and hens :

Here, droves of swine the herdsmen close entrench—  
 Foul swine, which kill us both with noise and stench—  
 While monstrous calves—their legs securely bound—  
 With hideous moanings fill the air around :  
 There neighing steeds, fat, lean, and young, and old—  
 Parade their paces to be bought and sold :  
 And as they wanton curvet, plunge, and rear—  
 Appear to bid each passer by—beware—  
 Oh ! what a scene of vast delight to those  
 Who, 'neath the Town Hall's sheltering porch, repose :  
 For there, close wedg'd, the pillars huge between,  
 The ruddy Masters of these flocks are seen :  
 The squeaking pig salutes his owner's ears,  
 Who deems no music sweeter in the spheres :  
 And can so well discern each swinish note,  
 He'll swear the sound proceeds from such a throat :—  
 The bleating sheep—the neighing horse, too, yield  
 Their owners pleasure which is ill conceal'd :  
 While all, this satire on Mankind, thus prove—  
 We love but self in all we seem to love !

Not man and beast alone thy course impede,  
 And stir thy spleen, and thy ill humour feed :

What space they leave, on either hand, we find  
 With carts and waggons in profusion lin'd :  
 Of every size, and every shape, and shade,  
 These, in close ranks, each avenue blockade :  
 So vast in number one might fairly deem  
 The country plunder'd of its last poor team :  
 Delightful prospect at the turnpike gate,  
 Where watchful tollmen for their passage wait :  
 Such plenteous harvests, on this day, they reap  
 That brass and silver tingle them to sleep,  
 And in their dreams propel their lips to pray  
 " That twice a week may come such market day."

This, then, is Henley—such as she appears  
 One day in seven through a round of years :  
 A day of bustle, toil, and filth, and cries,  
 Which much her wonted solitude belies :  
 Six days suffice to cure disabled tongues,  
 And lend fresh vigour to the wasted lungs :  
 Then is the scene repeated o'er again,  
 'Till Evening's shades disperse the busy train.

Yet, once a year, we see the Matron mild—6  
 In gay apparel deck her anxious child :

The child whose simple heart with pleasure glows  
 At thoughts of feasting in its Sunday clothes.  
 These, when well scrubb'd their skins—well comb'd  
     their hair,

With joyous faces to their schools repair,  
 Where busy tutors marshal them in line,  
 And drill their steps, and teach them to combine.  
 Meanwhile, from various villages around,  
 Arrive the ruder schools which there abound.  
 Cramm'd in huge waggons, with green boughs o'er-  
     spread,

These seem like lambkins to the altar led ;  
 And, as if cast upon a desert land,  
 Gape wide with stupid gaze on every hand.  
 Fast now collecting groups of parents meet,  
 Leave free the pavement, but obstruct the street ;  
 All watching closely, with important mien,  
 The op'ning signal for the marching scene.  
 At length the merry bells peal forth their sound,  
 And infant bands assemble fast around ;  
 To these the pavement, consecrate this day,  
 Affords full scope for forming their array.



But what availeth all of human strength—  
 The very Pedagogues are baulk'd at length ;  
 For, less to order than to mirth dispos'd,  
 The ranks tumultuous leave huge gaps disclos'd.

As when stiff Matrons of the ancient school,  
 Who measure life by Form's eternal rule,  
 Prepare, at some precise old Duchess' rout  
 To bring their tall and hoyden daughters out,  
 And, hourly teaching how to smile and bow,  
 Deem all things ripe for consummation now,  
 Yet find, on trial, oh ! with what dismay !  
 That each long lesson has been thrown away,  
 While other girls—their daughters' rivals sworn—  
 The palm of grace and dignity have borne :—  
 As when with anguish fill'd—oppress'd with shame,  
 To find defeated thus their fondest aim,  
 They feel the flush of anger deeply streak  
 The settled primness of each faded cheek—  
 So feel the Matrons of the infant train,  
 Whose graceless movements they correct in vain !

As when stern Serjeants of the awkward squad,  
 By dint of lessons and by aid of rod,

Have caus'd the legs of each recruit to move  
 In march and wheeling time as they approve—  
 Proud deeming that their charge may safely shine  
 With vet'ran heroes in battalia line,  
 Yet find them flurried at a first review,  
 Unconscious how they move, or what they do,  
 'Till, throwing in confusion all the corps,  
 Now lagging much, and now too far before,  
 They cause the Leader's voice to rend the air,  
 And bid the culprits instant to the rear :—  
 As when the Serjeants, with deep-ruffled mien,  
 Behold their squads the Authors of this scene,  
 And grind their teeth, and shake the dreaded cane,  
 As faithful earnest of some future pain—  
 So threat the Masters—so their teeth they grind—  
 But threat'nings now are given to the wind :  
 In vain the Master frowns—the Mistress stares—  
 In vain they link the childrens' hands in pairs :  
 These heed not now the frown, or 'whelming look,  
 Which late their puny frames with terror shook :  
 As if intitled to be free that day,  
 The hands unloose their grasp, and wanton play ;

While those in front the panting teachers find  
 Whose stations e'er were wont to be behind :—  
 Each little heart is drunk with simple joy,  
 Which neither threats nor scoldings can annoy :  
 For well they know their parents linger near,  
 Whose presence stays the punishment severe.

Oh ! what a day of trial to the throng  
 To whom man's flagellations first belong !

At length, by toiling and by sweating gain'd,  
 Some order 'mid disorder is maintain'd ;  
 And slowly now beneath each guardian's care,  
 The various masses to the church repair,  
 And take their stations in tremendous pews ;—  
 Which hide the infant disports each pursues.

What group are those who in dark garb appear,  
 And of the long procession close the rear ?  
 With serious mien, and slow majestic pace,  
 These wend them onward from the market place :—  
 Their arms, impressive folded o'er each breast,  
 Secure the 'broider'd mantle on the chest ;

While one precedes them, deck'd in purple robe,  
 Whose lace-bound hat would cover Herschel's globe.  
 Are these State mourners, following to his end  
 Some public patriot, and some private friend?  
 Or are they Judges of the Courts sublime,  
 About to will man's blood for deeds of crime?

Nor Judges these, nor patriot friends who grieve,  
 Although their solemn step may well deceive;  
 But Henley's Corporation, who display—7  
 Her charter'd rights on this important day:  
 And, with the Members of the Church, repair  
 To join the youthful groups in holy prayer.—

And now the Service done—the hungry train  
 Impatient, issue from the sacred fane,  
 And forming once again the straggling line,  
 Are led, not much reluctant, forth to dine.  
 A spacious field, with panniers amply stor'd,  
 Supplies the want of napkin and of board;  
 Nor empty panniers—nor despis'd are these,  
 But panniers closely cramm'd with buns and cheese:

And as the pregnant osiers are discern'd,  
 Two thousand eyes are on them instant turn'd—  
 While active jaws, impatient to devour,  
 Would fain anticipate the promis'd hour.

And now, with space the several schools between,  
 They take their stand along the crowded green ;  
 And, while their thoughts dwell more on earth than  
       skies,

Their infant voices in hosannahs rise ;  
 Then, at the word, close seat them on the ground,  
 Where their accustom'd feast is handed round.—  
 Important hour ! behold what bustling bands  
 Impede each other, and bawl forth commands !  
 While sweating porters, dreading to be late,  
 Loud puff and groan beneath the pond'rous weight.  
 “ More cheese for these ” — “ of buns a fresh supply ; ” —  
 The male assistants of the banquet cry :  
 “ Let those who've had no beer hold up the hand,”  
 And, instant, arms in air unnumber'd stand.—  
 But not the lungs and teeth, alone, display  
 Their useful skill on this important day ;

For here are seen enchanting groups of fair,  
 Whose active hands the female feast prepare :  
 These, as they graceful bend along the field,  
 Leave matchless shapes and beauteous limbs reveal'd :  
 But most Clorinda—rich voluptuous dame—  
 Whose glance would triumph o'er the coldest frame :  
 Oh ! for some modern Werter to behold  
 This soft ey'd fair her glowing charms unfold :  
 Not butter-spreading Charlotte him would please,  
 But sweet Clorinda handing buns and cheese !

Forget we not the short autumnal fair  
 To which both town and country gay repair :  
 Which all anticipate for months before,  
 And dwell for weeks on when its din is o'er :  
 When beasts and showmen join their clam'rous peals,  
 And witless tumblers use their active heels :  
 When dwarfs the vulgar view with deep disdain,  
 And giants fill with awe the wond'ring train :  
 When pigs sagacious grunt their learning forth,  
 To gaping crowds who marvel at their worth :  
 While ' London Artists' linger near the scene,  
 And dive for purses with untroubled mien :—

Here, in promiscuous groups, an anxious band  
 Along the narrow pathways take their stand :—  
 These—carters, shepherds, threshers, herdsmen gay,  
 The various emblems of their art display ;  
 The carter's hat coarse whip-cords now adorn ;  
 The thresher's bears a sheaf of ripen'd corn ;  
 With hair of kine the herdsman's is o'erspread ;  
 And fleecy honors deck the shepherd's head.  
 All these await the fiat of the train  
 To whom their various services pertain :  
 While ranks of village maidens, seeking place,  
 In modest silence throng a distant space,  
 And, like a show of cattle lent on hire,  
 Their points display to all who may desire.

These then, with various lines of tottering stalls,  
 Where " Toys " and " Gingerbread," each vender calls,  
 And putrid salmon, not in vain, invites  
 The keen display of clownish appetites,  
 While organs, horns, and trumpets thunder round,  
 And stun the senses with their piercing sound ;  
 All these in one vast mass, confus'd, declare  
 The rugged features of a Henley Fair.—

And shall her beadles yet unsung remain—  
 Her beadles, terror of the beggar train?  
 Who, with relentless eagerness pursue  
 The starving crowds that for assistance sue.—  
 Mark the full visage of the well fed chief,  
 Whom ruddy health proclaims a foe to grief;  
 Who, loth himself to sully thus his State,  
 Sends forth in arms an humbler delegate:  
 List, with what lungs he issues forth command,  
 And bids his minion chase the vagrant band:  
 The hawk and vulture erst the Sportsman bore  
 To hunt the prey which high in ether soar:  
 A pauper here—his fellow paupers scourge—  
 'Quick thro' the town each loitering group doth urge.  
 Nor hawk nor vulture better can fulfil  
 The task impos'd, nor yet with greater skill:  
 For with keen sense endow'd, and hawk-like glance,  
 He scents the culprits ere their forms advance;  
 And, oft at morn and eve, in every street,  
 This bane of beggars may the Stranger meet;  
 His once blue coat with tarnish'd lace deep bound;  
 His chin with six-days honors grizzly crown'd;



While dark gray hose true work-house legs reveal,  
 And giant shoes gigantic feet conceal;  
 A muslin tightly round his neck entwin'd,  
 O'er which long streaks of filth are deep design'd :  
 His staff of Office dangling in his hands,  
 And his gray eye in search of vagrant bands :—  
 Oft, when fatigu'd with this eternal round,  
 Along the church yard steps his frame is found,  
 Where plung'd in sleep, beneath the noon tide beam,  
 Of wandering paupers he appears to dream ;  
 Then, as if gifted with the second sight,  
 Or, like the Indian, who at dead of night,  
 Close to the earth applies his practis'd ear,  
 And gains conviction that some foe is near,  
 He sudden starts—shakes off the drowsy vein,  
 And stalks in quest of vagrants once again.

Relentless scourge of each itinerant band,  
 Who shall thy ceaseless vigilance withstand ?  
 Alike the terror of the begging crowd,  
 And those who time-worn ballads shriek aloud,  
 No suppliant wretch to sympathy appeals  
 But thou art instant at the culprit's heels :

Not e'en the infant sons of fair Savoy,  
 Upon whose sun-burnt brows beam peace and joy,  
 While, to the artless music of their land,  
 They twirl their forms, and loudly clap the hand,  
 Not even these thy rigid brow can bend,  
 Or cause thee once thy favor to extend :  
 All are alike condemn'd, on dread of pain,  
 To pass the limits of thy strict domain ;  
 And most thou dost o'er Henley's flood expel,  
 Like ghosts who pass the Stygian lake to hell !

While thus the delegate, with air morose,  
 Clears each dull quarter of intruding foes,  
 A nobler task the beadle chief essays ;  
 A task of lungs, and worthy well of praise :  
 No squalid mortal this—but one whose frame  
 And sturdy limbs his iron strength proclaim ;  
 Nay—scarce the scarlet of his cape outvies  
 Th' unchanging red which every feature dyes ;  
 While both his vesture and his mien betray  
 The man of pow'r whom lesser men obey :  
 Behold him now his trusty steed bestride ;  
 His seat unfirm—his legs extended wide ;

His staff relinquish'd for a pond'rous bell,  
 Of sound possess'd to ring creation's knell :  
 And now, while groups collect on either hand,  
 At each known corner he assumes his stand :  
 There hems, and hawks, and clears his husky throat,  
 And thunders forth his true Stentorian note ;  
 'Till " fish " and " lobsters "—burden of his song,—  
 Act on the palates of the gaping throng.  
 Who has not heard the startled air resound  
 With " pickled salmon at so much per pound ?"  
 While " oysters fresh " our sympathies e'en move,  
 Like fam'd Grimaldi's oyster cross'd in love !  
 Seducing objects to the fruitful train  
 Who oft have longings, nor oft long in vain,—  
 How frequent are ye bawl'd to some fair board  
 Which else had never with thy forms been stor'd ;  
 For who could e'er expect such treat to find,  
 If not admonish'd by the Beadle kind ?

How shall our song the mighty task sustain,  
 To tell the wonders which these walls contain ?  
 For countless years, and from the birth of time,  
 The names of men renown'd have fill'd each clime :

Oft do we see some glorious star combine  
 The various gifts which man requires to shine :  
 The Soldier, Patriot, and the Statesman blend  
 The Wit, the Chief, the Scholar, and the Friend :  
 But who of these, however great his fame,  
 Shall Hickman's universal genius claim ?

What is't to rule a state—to love one's soil—  
 Or head an army in a murd'rous broil ?  
 All men can fight—few now object to rule—  
 “ Small wit” and learning may be had at school :  
 But ah ! more strange, to blend a dozen arts,  
 And know these perfect in their several parts ;  
 To deal out “ Twining's tea,” and Lisbon fruits ;  
 To bleed, or blister, as occasion suits ;  
 To mix up patent drugs, and bind new books,  
 With views of smiling meads, and purling brooks ;  
 To vend alike both sauces, ink, and pens,  
 And cure old women of their stubborn wens ;  
 To charge the missives of the flying post,  
 And these despatch in time for morning toast ;  
 To print the volume and the puffing bill,  
 And both correct with readiness and skill ;

To do all these, and never once confound  
 The several talents which in one abound—  
 Oh ! this is genius—genius bright display'd,  
 Before whose beam all meaner stars must fade.

Nor closes here the measure of a fame  
 Which countless tongues are forward to proclaim :  
 No selfish miser of his boundless store,  
 His mind aspires to yield his fellows lore :  
 Behold his “ News-room’s ” map-lin’d walls display  
 All tracts and Empires in their strict survey :  
 See how the massy tables bend, and groan  
 ‘ Neath ‘ Suns’ and ‘ Globes,’ in wild disorder thrown,  
 While ‘ Times,’ with outstretch’d arms, appears to  
     clasp

Both ‘ Suns’ and ‘ Globes’ in his gigantic grasp :  
 Here Magazines and Pamphlets wide are strew’d,  
 And works reviewing lie by works review’d :  
 Oh ! wond’rous fact, do we at length behold  
 The wolf and lambkin share one common fold !  
 Or prowls the wolf there but to strike dismay  
 To such as dare approach his mangled prey !

All this, oh ! Hickman, has thine art achiev'd ;  
 All this thy townsmen have with joy receiv'd ;  
 But not thy townsmen, with exclusion, reap  
 The fruits of all thy combinations deep :  
 For these the Stranger also turns to pour  
 His grateful tribute at thy crowded door ;  
 That door, wide thrown to Stranger and to friend,  
 Where Health and Sickness every hour attend.

With equal ease the far-fam'd Creighton rode,  
 Or us'd a rapier, or compos'd an ode,  
 Or danc'd, or play'd, or grac'd a Monarch's court,  
 Or shone in Nimrod's more adventurous sport :  
 Could Creighton drug, or bleed, or print, or bind,  
 And prove his talents useful to mankind ?  
 His gifts were selfish—serving him alone—  
 The public claim to thine who dares disown ?  
 As public virtues private worth precede,  
 Of Creighton, therefore, shalt thou take the lead.

Long then may'st thou that glorious fame enjoy  
 Which foes, in vain, shall labor to destroy :

Long may thy talents and thy views embrace  
 The health and science of the Henley race ;  
 And when no more, these words thy tomb shall crown,  
 “ Here lies the more than Creighton of our town.”

Once more the Muse resumes her serious strain,  
 To speed farewell to mountain and to plain :—  
 Adieu then, Henley—lovely scenes adieu—  
 Where first my lay from meditation grew :  
 Adieu thy verdant meads—thy crystal tide ;  
 Adieu thy swans which all-majestic glide ;  
 Adieu thy church, adorn’d with moss-grown tower,  
 Adieu thy clock which tolls the passing hour ;  
 Adieu thy noble bridge, whence oft my gaze  
 Has linger’d on the Sun’s declining rays ;  
 Adieu all these—for these must e’er remain  
 Imprest in simplest beauty on my brain.

And who shall now that humble song reprove  
 Which springs alone from tributary love ?  
 No local ties a borrow’d lustre fling.  
 O’er scenes to which Remembrance long must cling :

'Tis Nature, smiling in each fruitful part,  
Swells on the sense, and seizes on the heart :  
Her loneliness and loveliness the charm,  
Which most can suffering of its sting disarm ;  
When on her heights I scent the fragrant breeze,  
Or range her vales, or wander 'mid her trees,  
No kindred minds my glowing feelings own,  
For here I dwell unknowing and unknown.

THE END.



## NOTES.



### Note 1, Page 2, Lines 9 and 10.

*“ And still, imbedded in those fields, remain*

*“ The rotted bones of many a warrior slain.”*

“ In 1642 and 3, the parliamentary forces were quartered in this neighbourhood; the kings troops from Reading, made an attempt in September, 1643, to drive the garrison from Henley, and were dispersed by the firing of a cannon down Duke-street, which, from the narrowness of the place, did much execution. In October, 1644, the parliamentary soldiers did much wanton mischief to the town, and plundered most of the houses. Colonel Bulstrode was at this time Governor; Colonel Doyley, his successor, being a very unpopular Governor, the soldiers would have killed him, had he not fled from their violence; and Colonel Purbeck Temple was appointed in his stead. The last Governor appears to have been Sir Bulstrode Whitlock, of Fawley Court, who accepted the office very readily, as his own property was so nearly concerned in the safety of Henley.”—*Whitlock's Memorials.*

Note 2, Page 3, Lines 13 and 14.

*“ Such Bulstrode was, and Lenthall yet more great ;  
“ Both rais’d to highest offices of State.”*

Sir Bulstrode Whitlock, of Fawley Court, and Governor of Henley, during the Rebellion, was, “ in the beginning of the Long Parliament, appointed Chairman of the Committee for the trial of Lord Stafford, who, upon that occasion, observed to a private friend, that Glynne and Maynard used him like advocates, but Palmer and Whitlock used him like gentlemen, and yet left out nothing material to be urged against him.”

“ In May, 1642, he was appointed one of the Deputy Lieutenants of the County of Bucks ; and in 1643, one of the Commissioners to treat of peace with the King, at Oxford.—On this and many other occasions, he earnestly wished for an accommodation, and was satisfied that the concessions made by the crown were a sufficient security for true liberty ; but being of a flexible disposition, and perhaps unwilling to see what he thought the most valuable rights of the nation tamely lost, he adhered to the Parliament, and yet not so implicitly, but that he refused to have any concern in the King’s trial, and retired into the country at that disgraceful period.”

After having successively enjoyed the several distinctions of Commissioner of the Great Seal—Counsellor of State—Keeper of the King's Library and Medals, (which were preserved from sale by his interference,) and Ambassador to Sweden, he finally “accepted of the office of Commissioner of the Treasury, and was advanced to a seat in the other house.”—He lived in great privacy after the Restoration until his death in 1676.

“Bulstrode Whitlock was a man of considerable learning, endowed with many valuable qualities, and of a mild and liberal disposition; zealous indeed of liberty but abhorrent of all those excesses which the abuse of it occasioned.

“His works are much valued, from their accuracy and impartiality, and are indeed his best biography.—Besides his “Memorials” and “Embassy to Sweden,” he left several manuscripts which have never been published.

“James Whitlock succeeded his father in the estate, which he sold to Colonel William Freeman, about 1680.—On the decease of Colonel Freeman, in 1708, he bequeathed his property to his nephew John Cook, who, in consequence, assumed the name and arms of Freeman. In this family Fawley still continues, and Strickland

Freeman, Esq. is the present Lord.”—*Langley’s Hundred of Desborough*, 1797.

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“ William Lenthal, a prominent character in the civil commotions of the seventeenth century, is claimed as a native by the town of Henley; though at the time of his birth, his father resided at Lachford, Oxfordshire, where the family had long been settled.—The only Author who mentions the locality of Lenthal’s birth is Anthony Wood; but Wood is decided in his assertion, that he was born in a house near the church. He was either a second or a third son, and is believed to have received the early part of his education at Thame school, whence he was removed to Alban Hall, Oxford. After a residence of three years at Oxford, he proceeded to London, and studied the law as a profession with eminent assiduity.—In 1637, he was Lent Reader of Lincoln’s Inn; and soon after was admitted a Bencher of that Society.”

His political career commenced in 1640, when, after serving as Burgess for Woodstock in the short parliament, and filling the Chair of the House of Commons in the long, he was, although in opposition to the King’s wish, made Master of the Rolls, and was finally appointed a Commissioner of the Great Seal.

“ Lenthal had long since chosen his party, and seems

to have become more devoted to self interest in each succeeding year; but he never forgot or neglected the feelings of humanity.—When the House divided, 57 to 57, on the question of opening a treaty with the King, then a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, Lenthal, as Speaker, decided in favor of the treaty: and he is allowed to have been free from a participation in the acts immediately leading to the death of Charles, though he is said by Walker to have been too deeply engaged in some of the intrigues which hurried affairs to so fatal an issue. His natural inclination towards mercy was evinced in the trial of Lord Goring, Earl of Norwich. The casting vote again fell into his hands, and he saved the accused; though so sanguinary and dangerous was the turbulence of faction, that he was constrained to feign former personal obligations, as an excuse for his clemency. The conduct of the majority on this occasion afforded so much pleasure to the City of London, that they invited the Speaker and House of Commons to a grand dinner. The Citizens met their senatorial visitors in much state; and the Lord Mayor resigned to Lenthal the civic sword, a custom before considered due only to the Sovereign.”

In the single Parliament, called by Richard Cromwell, he sat in the Upper House, by the title of William Lord Lenthal; and on the restoration of the monarchy, with difficulty procured the special pardon of the King.

When, retiring to Burford, in Oxfordshire, “ he built a chapel adjoining his house, and dedicated much of his declining time to religious services. Books also claimed a portion of this calm season of his life, and he evinced invariable zeal in patronizing the learned.”—*Brewer’s Topographical and Historical Description of Oxfordshire.*

### Note 3, Page 15, Lines 7 and 8.

“ *And passing Fawley’s fair and ancient halls,*  
 “ *Reach Medmenham’s old and once monastic walls.”*

Of the excesses wantonly committed amid this beautiful scenery, by a licentious soldiery, during the revolutionary struggle, some idea may be formed from the following passage given by Langley, in his *Hundred of Desborough*.—“ In November, 1642, Sir John Byron and his brothers, who commanded a body of about 1000 of the King’s horse, gave orders that they should commit no insolence, nor plunder the goods at Fawley, where they were quartered. But soldiers, as Whitlock observes, are not easily governed against their plunder, or persuaded to restrain it; for there was no insolence or outrage, usually committed by common soldiers on a reputed enemy, which was omitted by these brutish fellows at this house. They spent and consumed 100 loads of corn and hay, littered their horses with sheaves of good wheat,

and gave them all sorts of corn in the straw. Of divers writings of consequence, and books which were left in his study, some they tore in pieces, others they used to light their tobacco, and some carried away. Among these Mr. Whitlock had to regret the title deeds of his estate, many excellent manuscripts of his Father's, and some of his own. They also broke down his park pales, killed most of his deer, carried off or destroyed his furniture, and rendered the place unfit for future residence."—The present manor house, a large and handsome mansion, with four regular fronts, was erected by Sir Christopher Wren in 1684.

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The Abbey of Medmenham,—usually pronounced Med'nam—delightfully situated on the banks of the Thames, at the foot of the village which bears its name, was, according to Langley, "founded January 3, 1200, as appears by the charters of King John, for Cistercian monks, so called from Cisteaux, in the bishopric of Châlons, in France. They were called Grey Monks from their habit, and were remarkable for the strictness of their rules."

That these venerable and half dilapidated walls have not always witnessed that rigidity of monastic discipline which characterized the lives of those for whom they were originally founded, will appear from the following passages, by the same author.

“Some few years since, the house was tenanted by a society of men of wit and fashion, under the title of Monks of St. Francis, whose habit they assumed. During the season of their conventual residence, they are supposed not to have adhered very rigidly to the rules of life which St. Francis had enjoined. Over the door is inscribed the motto of its last Monastic order, “*FAY CE QUE VOUDRAS.*”

“Some anecdotes, related in a publication of that day, were said to refer to this society; but from the little information I have collected, there appears to be no strong foundation for that opinion. The woman who was their only female domestic, is still living; and after many inquiries, I believe all their transactions may as well be buried in oblivion.”

#### Note 4, Page 17, Lines 5 and 6:

“*Who hath not heard of Blandy's fatal fame;  
Deplor'd her fate, and sorrow'd o'er her shame!*”

The following account of this dreadful parricide, which it is but charitable to imagine must have originated in temporary alienation of mind, the effect of complicated artifice acting on powerful and impetuous passions, is taken from *The Henley Guide*.



“ In the annals of police there occurs a melancholy instance of the insufficiency of education to preserve the judgment and the principles from the lowest state of perversion, when one strong passion is suffered to creep over the heart in the insidious guise of a social virtue. In the year 1752, Miss Mary Blandy was convicted of the murder of her father! The story of this dreadful parricide is briefly as follows :—Mr. Blandy was an eminent attorney, and by his practice had accumulated several thousand pounds. He had an only child, a daughter, Mary, whom, as a pious fraud, he gave out to be worth thirty thousand pounds. Captain William Cranston, brother of Lord Cranston, of Scotland, a short time before the death of Mrs. Blandy, was upon a recruiting party in Oxfordshire, and hearing of the young lady’s fortune, found means to introduce himself to the family. He soon gained an ascendancy over the mother; and the daughter discovered a very sensible feeling for the soldier. But there was an almost insuperable obstacle in the way of their mutual happiness. The Captain had been privately married in Scotland. This, however, he hoped to get over by a decree in the supreme court of session. That expectation proving but ill-founded, Mr. Blandy would not consent to the union of his daughter with such a man, however honourable by birth.

“ The mother died suddenly.—The father remained inexorable, and could not be induced to grant his consent. This set the Captain’s sanguine soul to work. The affection of Miss Blandy for this profligate, almost double her age, was violent. He imposed upon her credulity, by sending her from Scotland a pretended love-powder, which he enjoined her to administer to her father, in order to gain his affection, and procure his consent. This injunction she declined, on account of a frightful dream, in which she fancied her father falling from a precipice into the ocean. The Captain wrote a second time; told her his design in words rather enigmatical, but easily understood by her. This had an amazing effect on Miss Blandy, and much elated her mind with the project of removing her father.

“ The die was cast: the powder was mixed in the tea: the father drank, and soon after swelled enormously.— ‘ What have you given me, Mary?’ cried the unhappy dying man, ‘ you have murdered me; of this I was warned, but alas, I thought it was a false alarm! O fly—take care of the Captain!’—Thus he died, a most melancholy spectacle. Miss Blandy was taken while attempting to run away, conducted to Oxford Castle, lay there till the assizes, was found guilty, and executed. Captain Cranston went abroad, and died in a miserable state of mind soon afterward.”

The subjoined particular account of Cranston's death, contained in an extract of a letter from Dunkirk, dated January 25, 1753, and published in a Number of the "Ladies Magazine" for that year, is strikingly illustrative of the justice and vengeance of outraged Providence.

"On the 2d of December last died, at the sign of the Burgundy-Cross, in Furnes, a town belonging to the Queen of Hungary, about fifteen English miles east of this place, Captain William Henry Cranston, aged forty-six. His illness did not continue above nine days, but the last three his pains were so very great, and he was swelled to such a degree that it was thought by the Physician and Apothecary that attended him, that he would have burst, and by the great agonies he expired in, he was thought to be raving mad."

The execution of Miss Blandy took place, at Oxford, about the middle of the year 1752. Thus it will appear, that the infamous destroyer of this family did not survive his last victim more than six months. The body of the latter was conveyed from the place of execution to Henley Church, where her ashes lie mingled with those of her parents, she having been interred between them.

### Note 5, Page 34, Lines 1 and 2.

“ *Let now the ancient town our notice claim,  
“ The town too humble to aspire to fame.”*

“ Yet the ancientest Town of the whole County I take to be Henley, so called from the British *Hen* which signifies *old*, and *Iley*, a *place*, and perhaps might be the head Town of the people called *Ancalites*, that revolted to Cæsar. It was also called *Hanleganz* and *Hanneburg*, as appears by an Inspeximus of Queen Elizabeth, granted to this Corporation. And there is a place near it still called *Ancastle* (west of the Town, where the Wind-mill now stands) which is but the Norman name, importing the same with the Saxon, *Hanneburg*. If it be objected, that Aldbury, near Ricot, in this County (according to vulgar tradition) is the mother of Henley, and consequently older, it may be answered, that its probable indeed that Christian Henley may be younger than Aldbury, in respect of a church first built there, but upon no other account.—*Dr. Plott's Natural History of Oxfordshire, Chap. 10. Part 68.*

### Note 6, Page 47, Lines 21 and 22.

“ *Yet, once a year, we see the Matron mild,  
“ In gay apparel deck her anxious child.”*

Independently of the several charitable Institutions and public Schools for which Henley is in some degree

remarkable, there is also established here a branch of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. A Sermon is preached once a year for this Society; and the children of the various National Schools both of the town and its vicinity, are summoned to attend. These, in general about a thousand in number, and of both sexes, are usually regaled after the service has been performed with a feast suited to their years and appetites.

Note 7, Page 52, Lines 9 and 10.

*“ But Henley’s Corporation, who display  
 “ Her charter’d rights on this important day.”*

“ Henley seems to have been indebted to Elizabeth for the first charter. In the tenth year of her reign, she granted, ‘ that Henley should be and remain a free town, and that the inhabitants should be one body, politic and corporate, in deed, fact, and name, by the name of Warden, Portreeves, Burgesses, and Commonality of the said town;’ and at the same time, gave them many valuable privileges. At the solicitation of Earl Macclesfield in 1722, a second charter of incorporation was given by George the First, granting them the titles of ‘ Mayor, Aldermen, Portreeves, and Burgesses,’ with power to elect a High Steward, ‘ who shall be a Baron of this Kingdom, or at least a Knight,’ and a Recorder.”—*Henley Guide*.

## ERRATA.

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Page 18, Line 6.

For—A Father by a daughter's hand had not expir'd,

Read—He had not by a daughter's hand expir'd.

Page 21, Line 11.

For—When turn'd the Father's care *toward* his child,

Read—When turn'd the Father's care *towards* his child.

Page 27, Line 21.

For—Another change—the hectic of her cheek had fled,

Read—Another change—her cheek's deep flush had fled.

Page 28, Line 10.

For—*These* spoke beyond what simple sounds convey,

Read—*There* spoke beyond what simple sounds convey.

Page 29, Line 19.

For—They warn'd me, Mary, that thou *meanst* my death,

Read—They warn'd me, Mary, that thou *meant'st* my death.



JF









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